

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.
TO THE SHIP-OF-WAR JAMESTOWN.

BY JOHN R. FELTON.

From the clouds whence the lightning, death-laden, hath
brought her. She is sent, and the young flower nerved,
The wind in whose rage the huge forest is whirled,
And the earth is with beauty endued;
The soft shower is sent, and the young flower nerved,
The wind in whose rage the huge forest is whirled,
And the earth is with beauty endued;

The world is good; but those who all work good;
But those who mightily sin build man to destroy—
Then's the first of thy race bear'st an errand of joy.

These years shall no rain fall, no dows shall drift;

The bird of the air, the fish of the sea, the worm of the ground,
Fall into the heart, as Death's angel had spoke;

Submissive obey'd God's command;

And the hawk which had revel'd in carnage and blood,
To the desert, love-guided, bore mercy and food.

Ship! whose proud mission is, Love's freight to bear,
When winds, winged with blessings, and heart-utter'd

O'er the ocean have sped their return;

Others may thy deck be polluted with strife,
Which to famine-worn millions were pregnt with life!

Ne'er thy dark sides with death's fire burn!

Black raven! God sent to the desert with food,

Oil! return not again to thy carnage and blood!

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—We understand that a

Mr. McEwan, a respectable and wealthy farmer, living in the township of Sheffield, while returning home a few days ago, overtook on the road a poor man, who was plodding along with some difficulty. Mr. McEwan stopped him, and asked what he was doing. He said he had been to do to pay for his board until his strength returned sufficiently to allow him to work. Mr. McEwan gave him his supper and bed. In the course of the evening, Mr. McEwan had come home, and found that his servant, who also was seen, watched Mr. M. and his wife when they went to bed, and noticed that the husband slept at the front; but the wife having occasion not long after to get up to look after the children, found the husband's place. Mr. McEwan, who was very much distressed, and in sight of the ax, was stealing in the bedroom where his hospitable friends were sleeping, unconscious of there being a viper in their house, since a deadly blow at the person sleeping in the front of the bed, supposing it to be the husband. The ax struck the poor man, fracturing her skull; this awoke the husband, who, not knowing exactly what the master was, made some noise, when the blood-thirsty brute struck at him with the ax, but fortunately he reacted too far, and struck the wall. The master, however, did not stop, and had time to strike again, and then on the floor, when he managed to kill him, and then sent for assistance to some of the neighbors. He was examined by the magistrate, and committed to jail in this city to await his trial in the Assizes. We find that Mr. McEwan is now injured that her life is dear to him. The culprit assigns poverty, and destitution as the reason of his murderous attempt. A very poor reason indeed. —[Albany Herald.]

A SNOW STORM, ATTENDED BY THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, took place yesterday afternoon, a driving snow came from the north-east, accompanied by the most vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder. The effect was very peculiar upon the general appearance of everything out of doors. The atmosphere was darker, and especially the falling snow, which the eye could see, but which was rendered exceedingly more singular by the repeated flashes of electricity.

At that time the atmosphere was very intensely charged with electricity, which played queer pranks in the house and office. The battery room was, for some time, lit up by one constant sheet of electric flame that played around its walls with a quickness peculiar only to itself. It was a thrilling scene, and one calculated to fill the mind of the observer with sudden apprehension as to the safety of his house. The weather was also a play of fire and brimstone in its consequences. A very strong current was attracted to the writing instrument of the Lookout line, by the large iron wire used. The power was so great, that it became impossible to detect the wire in order to cut the instrument off.

One or two more intense flashes of electricity took effect upon one of the operators—removing him rather hastily and unmercifully from his seat at the machine. —[Buffalo Express, March 30.]

OUTRAGE IN COLUMBIA CO.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing from Hudson, under date of 31st ult. says:

"This city is now in great excitement on account of another Anti-Slavery outrage, which occurred to-day. Mr. David Cowles, one of our citizens, has just been brought into town so horribly bruised and mangled that his friends could not have identified him. Several others were also badly beaten. These men went with the Deputy Sheriff to arrest one of the Finkles, so notorious in this county."

Sale at the Stock Exchange.—SATURDAY.

11,000 U. S. Treas. Nos., 100 \$ 30 Harlem 300 224

1,000 Indiana 39 90 Nor & W. 324

200 Illinois 95 50 New 300 200

1,000 Ohio No. 56 95 75 New 324

1,000 95 25 324

1,000 Morris Bonds 67 175 324 522

25 N. Y. Mortg. 60 300 200

100 N. Y. Mortg. 60 300 200

100 State Bank 87 100 300 200

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